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F A M E.

MANY of the poets and other writers of the last century were accustomed to dwell largely upon the privileges of fame. The desire to attain eminence, to be in any way distinguished from the multitude, and to be accounted one of the illustrious of the land, was esteemed an exalted and worthy aspiration, and more or less the sign of a lofty and noble character. To be solicitous about the applauses of contemporaries and posterity, was thought to be indicative of superior capacity, and to recommend a man as being thereby raised above the triviality of ordinary pursuits. Whatever could be done which might thereafter be talked about, and thus preserve the memory of the doer, was considered, above all things, as desirable to be attempted. All ambitious persons, accordingly, who were not otherwise employed, betook themselves to the composition of verses, treatises on philosophy, or the easier pastime of fictitious narrative—hoping, apparently, to live thereby among the deathless and memorable names which the world delights to honour. To question the title of any of these people to everlasting remembrance, was the highest offence you could perpetrate against them, and was even sometimes held to justify a challenge of mortal combat. The business of reviewer was then a perilous enterprise, and therefore it was seldom entered on, except by obscure adventurers who had somehow lost character, and were for the most part looked upon as literary vagabonds, whose acquaintance Fame was understood to have utterly rejected. Laudatory celebrations of each other's prowess in authorcraft were as prevalent as blackberries or buttercups in their respective seasons, whenever two or three of the poetical fraternity happened to be living in unity and friendly intercourse; each giving and receiving the strongest assurances that their respective literary reputations would outlast the most durable material monuments, or at least might be expected to survive, in undiminished lustre, while the language should remain. Fancy what a comfort it must have been to the aspiring versifier or essayist to hear his name trumpeted abroad in all directions, and what felicity beyond comparison he must have enjoyed in the flattering expectancy that subsequent generations would continue to speak of him with equal, or even louder admiration!

Alas for all this vanity! The result has been, that nearly all these writers are now forgotten. A fitful sputter of popularity was the utmost which the very best of them enjoyed; and could tidings of the living world by any chance reach them in their oblivion, they would be hardly flattered by the manner in which their former reputations are accustomed to be mentioned. Fame has eluded them entirely. That dreaded forgetfulness, which they aimed to intrench themselves against, has verily overtaken them; time has tranquilly obliterated

all recollections of their feverish efforts. And it may be remarked, that those who were most concerned about their fame, have fallen the deepest into neglect; the blazing reputation which many of them enjoyed has now become extinguished, like the flickering of theatrical lamps when the play is over. Who were more popular and dominant in their day than the 'Della Cruscan!'—and who now knows or cares anything about them? Only here and there a man studying or examining the follies and 'curiosities of literature' for his own amusement or the public behoof: in the general thought and remembrance of the people they are non-existent. Those who sacrificed their very common sense to a flimsy celebrity, have lost the only thing they aimed at, and their history is but occasionally alluded to for purposes of ridicule. Were not this paltry passion for fame otherwise reprehensible, it were surely a sufficient proof of its exceeding folly to mark how the pursuit of it is attended with the most pitiful disappointment.

One might indeed ask what, after all, is the good of fame, even in its best and least exceptionable aspect? Wherein is the peculiar advantage of being remembered? Above all, where is the use of it, if you leave nothing done worthily to be remembered for? Oblivion, the quiet repose of forgetfulness, is far better. The man who does anything from no loftier motive than that of being honourably remembered by it, will scarcely deserve remembering. The literary man especially, who is not inspired by a nobler passion than the desire of fame, will be utterly unworthy of his vocation; and the profane altar whereon he idolatrously flings his gifts, shall yield him no token of an accepted sacrifice. The writers of greatest genius have really been comparatively uninterested about their fame; or, if they have chanced to manifest any solicitude concerning it, it has been mainly with reference to the further perfection of their works, so that they might not leave anything they attempted in a state unworthy of themselves. Beyond this, no great man ever perplexed himself much by considerations of popularity, either with regard to the day in which he lived, or to any time thereafter. Look at the noble unconsciousness of Shakspeare; the hearty indifference to celebrity with which one can suppose old Homer wrote; the utter oversight and unsuspicion of all fame evident in the rhapsodies of the Hebrew prophets. To any truly great man, to even any genuinely-cultivated and healthy man who does not suspect himself of being great, the paltry notion of doing anything for the sake of the popular applause which he may derive thereby, will never once be entertained as a worthy or sufficient motive for undertaking it. There is no excellency in this; and the wise or sensible man of letters will always have better things to think about. How he may successfully unfold his endowments into freedom and effective power; how he may attain increase of wisdom and authentic insight

into things; how most admirably and adequately utter the thought within him, and impress his influence for benefit upon his age: this will be ever his earnest and most sedulous concern. What does he live for, if not to learn and publish something more of *Truth* than has hitherto been known, or to extend it into regions where as yet it has not penetrated? Knowing and respecting his high ministry, he will deliver himself as he best can with a proud defiance of all clamour; not insensible, indeed, to the approbation of intelligent and discerning men, but assuredly not solicitous of empty praise, nor sorrowful or disconcerted by the fear of being forgotten. What if he is forgotten? If his name should fade utterly out of memory, and the generations to come never know that he had lived! The thing which he did *well*, that cannot die; but, howsoever its appearance may be changed, continues to work effectually under novel and unsuspected transformations. The truly great man can very well dispense with fame; it is of comparative indifference to him: sorrowing or rejoicing, he holds on his way, heedless and unconcerned about it. Like some great unconscious oak of the wilderness, he will scatter the ripe fruits from which new forests may spring, and take no thought of being remembered as the planter.

It is ever true that the greatest benefactors of the world, with one or two exceptions, are not the men of whom fame reports. Where, for instance, are the original Tubalcains, iron-workers and inventors, forest clearers, the bold adventurers of navigation, the primeval delvers, and builders, and spinners of the earth, who first began to make the world arable and habitable; who built houses, and ships, and temples, drained marshes, planted fruit-trees and orchards, devised laws and social constitutions, methods and conveniences for intercourse and communion among men? They are all forgotten and unknown to us. What manner of man was he (that daring original) who first struck a light in the world, and made a fire, and thus led the way to the introduction of the arts of cookery and bread-baking, and social tea and dinner parties, and the final invention of the steam-engine? The name of him, his way of life and thought, the conditions and aspects of his existence, are all gone out of remembrance: he survives only as a dim shadowy figure in the old mythology, and is known to us under the character of Prometheus, the Fire-Stealer, the invincible and enduring Friend of Men, who braved the wrath of Omnipotence in their behalf. The endeavouring and thousandfold achievements of mankind through innumerable ages, as hieroglyphically and compendiously exhibited in the institutions and acquisitions now established and possessed, have come down to us in grand accumulation and variety, bearing scarcely any vestige of a recollection of the men whose active brains and stalwart arms wrought out such large results. Yet it were the most rampant insanity to doubt that capacious heads, and exalted spirits not a few, have in all times existed. In the olden immemorial centuries, among the patriarchal villages and camps of the Fore-world, in the days when the foundation-stones of cities were first laid, dost thou think there were no brave and distinguished men?—no soaring intellects, scanning the hard problems of existence!—no rapt melodious poets, discerning with prophetic ken, and celebrating by anticipation the wonders and revolutions of the advancing years!—no patient, thoughtful investigators, devising things of convenience and use!—no energetic companionless adventurers, going forth with girded loins to explore untrodden places, and bring back tidings of new discovery? The illustrious forgotten men!—let these be celebrated; the ancient hard and heroic workers, whose names and memory are everlastingly abolished.

It is not imperceptible, however, that while Fame gives us little or no account of our grandest benefactors, the world retains, nevertheless, the benefit of their work. And so it is always. There is no work or useful influence which is not permanent. Once effectually accomplished, everything survives, and, under new and unimaginable forms of renovation, is perpetuated. Let a man cast his thoughts and good deeds broad-cast around him, heedless

and inconsiderate of what Fame says of him, and they will grow up, as the corn springs, in a way that he knoweth not, into noble and beneficent fruitions. The great Soul of the Universe is *just*; and no grain of truth or goodness falling by the waysides, or in reclusive places where no eye sees it, but may become, through its hundredfold productiveness, the parent of future harvests on the broad fields of Time. What matters it about fame? Not all the trumpeters and heralds in creation can make our thought greater or better than it is, or diminish in anywise its intrinsic value. What concerns us is the *truth* of the thought, the justness of the action—not how it may be spoken of in saloons or market-places, or commemorated in reviews and newspapers.

The main consideration connected with fame which can render it of even temporary moment, lies in the extent of opportunity which it offers to the influence of a man's genius or character. In so far as he is better and more widely known, he will impart more largely whatever benefit he may be able to communicate. It is desirable always that a man should have free space for his activity; that his thought, such as it is, should circulate without obstruction, conveying whatsoever wisdom or delight it may contain to the minds and hearts of all who are prepared for its reception. The accident of fame might thus more rapidly promote the successful dissemination of the truths and principles which he was qualified to teach, and the measure of his significance as an instructor of his age would accordingly be the better and more promptly ascertained. But should he be so unhappy as to esteem an extensive popularity as the sign of his superiority of genius, or regard his reputation as a thing to be especially delighted in for itself, he will thereby give evidence of a signal inferiority of mind, and merit the contempt which will assuredly one day be his portion. The noisy, admiring world, in whose eyes to-day there is none so conspicuous as he, to-morrow will shoulder him aside in its eager scramble after newer wonders; for the multitude, it has been frequently observed, resembles nothing more decidedly than a flock of sheep, which rush onwards, with little discrimination, wheresoever it may be the fashion for the most illustrious sheep to run!

All things great have their spurious imitations. Popularity is often imagined to be equivalent to fame. No doubt, the man who does a great deed, worthy of lasting commemoration and gratitude, may at the same time be popular—receive praise during his life. But, on the whole, fame is a thing of the future: popularity is only of temporary moment. There are reasons, also, why popularity should seldom be followed by fame. Popularity is frequently a result of a vulgar struggling for supremacy—an effort to exalt self by all sorts of mean arts—and, by a just retribution, it terminates in oblivion. Any man may gain local and short-lived applause; and the more basely he panders to prejudice, the more likely is he to be successful. But a succeeding generation, with more enlarged views, knows how to estimate these deceptive endeavours: it shuts him out of remembrance, or only speaks of him as an example to be despised. Seeking dishonestly for fame, he is very properly rewarded with infamy. With regard to the more common and less reprehensible aspirations after celebrity, experience would seem to justify us in the belief that a writer or an artist who is really great and original, and whose effect upon society is in the end to be most permanent, will not gain so speedily and determinate a popularity as another who is manifestly inferior, and who on that account can command a larger range of sympathy. A light and graceful skiff may be easily and completely launched in shallow water, but the mighty ship will need a deeper current, and a longer and more complex preparation, before it can be successfully sent forth on the world of waters. The popularity of a man, as it has been significantly said, can only show the degree of illumination there is in him; and serves but as an atmosphere to diffuse the light which he contains. While it aids in extending his proper influence, and affords him the chance of wholesome teaching, it may be considered as convenient and serviceable; but should his attention become so intently fixed

upon it as to be dazzled by its glitter, he will be incapable of apprehending his true position. Thus fame may be a perversion and a snare to him, even as the delusive brilliancy of a candle allures moths to their destruction. Let us stand by the severe and earnest truth, even to the risk of remaining in unknown obscurity for ever, rather than abuse or disable our slightest talent by an inordinate deference to opinion, should we gain thereby the widest celebrity the world has ever witnessed.

Finally, after a somewhat rigorous handling of our subject, it will not be unhandsome to admit, that to live in the esteem of just and cultivated men is no ignoble wish: that the worthy and the wise should think favourably of our efforts, and account our work to have been creditably done, has always been, and will be while human nature lasts, in a high degree encouraging and satisfactory. It is this which fame originally signified. What we here condemn, is that vain hungering for applause—that ambition to be distinguished, which leads so many men away from the proper cultivation of themselves. Let us thoroughly understand, and on every fit occasion demonstrate and assert that *this*, both now and ever, is a man's most intimate concern. What matters it about distinction? He who does anything really great, *will* be distinguished, and is already distinguished by that very fact; for him in whom there is nothing great, it is better that he should be without distinction. How many feeble heads have been dizzied into utter ruin by a little shallow and frivolous celebrity! It is the emptiest delusion. Cannot the quiet paths suffice! Some of the best literature of the day is lying in books which are least known; and the men who will exert the greatest influence upon the coming age, are not those who are most popular at present; nay, they whose teachings are producing the most wholesome effectualness in this, are men comparatively unknown and unobtrusive—men not so much concerned about their popularity, as about the manner in which they really perform their work. Let thy works praise thee. Hanker nothing after vain applause. Hast thou any thought which thou supposest might advantage any of thy fellow-men? Deliver it from thee, after many ponderings, untrumpeted—earnestly, yet modestly; ready to withdraw it, and reconsider it; or to bury it utterly out of sight, should it hereafter appear to be unneeded. Care not for that discomfiture, care only for the everlasting truth; and if another can reveal it better than thyself, do thou cheerfully and unenviously give place to him. Crush vanity beneath thy feet. Banish from thy heart all solicitude of fame, and do the thing which lies before thee with serene singleness of mind. The world will not stand still in its advancement because thy name may be forgotten.

THE WEDDING-RING.

A TALE.

'LOUISA,' said a gentleman to his daughter, returning to the room which he had quitted a minute before, 'there is a woman waiting to see you down stairs—go to her at once.'

'La, papa! I daresay she is in no hurry,' replied the young lady, without rising from the easy-chair into which she was sunk.

'My dear, do not keep her waiting: the time of a workwoman is her capital, and you have no right to defraud her of it.'

'Defraud, papa; what hard words you use! I am sure I always pay them their bills—what more can they ask?'

Her father had not waited for the conclusion of the sentence; and Louisa, seeing he was gone, proceeded with her breakfast, intending, when she had done, to send for the woman, who she knew was bringing her some artificial flowers to inspect. Whilst sipping her coffee, her eye fell on a new publication which her father

had been that morning examining. She seized upon it, and soon, engrossed in its pages, forgot the artificial flowers, the artist, and her father's admonition. An hour passed, when she was interrupted by the entrance of some young friends, whose visit of course detained her in the drawing-room. After a great deal of lively but rather empty chat, one of her visitors observed that there was a woman in the hall as they passed with a basket of the most exquisite fancy flowers she had ever seen. She longed to examine them all. With a slight blush Louisa, recollecting her father's words, rang for the forgotten tradeswoman; and the next hour was consumed by the young ladies in turning over the beautiful specimens contained in the baskets, trying them on their heads before the glass, and wishing earnestly that they could afford to purchase them. They were good-humoured, pretty, elegant girls, well and expensively dressed, and they seemed just fitted to be the inhabitants of the apartment where this scene was passing. It was a handsomely-furnished room: the walls hung with paintings, the tables spread with costly books, the consoles and marble brackets covered with tasteful ornaments: perhaps the value of only a few of those China vases would have formed a fortune to many a poor family. The pleasant morning air, which breathed through the light muslin curtains, and waved the rich damask drapery, was scented with the perfume of heliotrope and jessamine, and the gleam of sunshine which fell on the glass globe, where the gold fish swam, was reflected back upon the rich-cut chandeliers, and made them look like fragments of a rainbow. All was in keeping with the gay girls, who gazed at themselves in the tall pier-glasses—all except the pale, anxious, careworn face of the owner of the flowers. Dressed in widow's weeds, which time had rendered shabby, although evidently preserved with care, her look, as she handed out one graceful wreath after another, was so sadly in contrast with her customers' gaiety, that, had they bestowed one thought on her, they must have felt some pity. But they neither looked at nor noticed her, except to inquire the price of some beautiful specimen, exclaim at its dearth, wish they could buy them all, and declare they would learn to make them, it must be such charming work. Finally, after having disarranged the whole of her stock, one of them discovered that it was now time to go to the portrait-painter to whom she was sitting, as that gentleman never waited a moment, and she should lose the only hour he could give her. Louisa made some trifling purchase, for she had changed her mind on the subject, and now desired some other ornaments; and the young party hastily quitted the house, leaving the poor widow to replace her injured goods, and return home at her leisure.

Little as these careless girls were disposed to bestow a thought upon the artificial florist, it is our intention to follow her to her own home, where, fatigued and disappointed, she arrived about two hours after she left the mansion of Louisa's father. It was a low and narrow garret, lighted only by a window in the roof, which threw down a gleam of sickly sunshine upon one corner of the nearly empty room, and lighted up an old and comfortless bed, which seemed placed there that its occupant might derive some warmth from a source which at least cost nothing. Reclining on this bed, and supported by a broken chair back, slightly covered by an old shawl—for the luxury of pillows was beyond their reach—was a much younger woman; but, like the first-mentioned, she, too, wore a widow's cap, and such clothing as she had bore the traces of mourning. Her face was wan and thin, and she was evidently suffering from some serious malady which had drained away the springs of life. Her slender hands were busy in fabricating some of those beautiful flowers which her mother had carried abroad for sale, and their deli-

cate colours and gay groups made her pale sickly cheeks look still more ghastly from the contrast. A half-finished wreath of orange flowers lay near her; and the tale they seemed to whisper of love, and joy, and hope—of bridal splendour, and all the luxuries of the wealthy—was affecting when compared with her own appearance and her evident poverty.

'Ah, mother, dear!' said she, as the elder widow entered, 'I thought you long in coming; but I hope you have sold the flowers, and brought me all I want?'

Her mother silently shook her head as she set down her basket, and with tearful eyes gazed on her daughter's disappointed face.

'Nothing! Have you sold nothing?' inquired the latter again in amazement and despair. 'How could that be? I thought both Miss Frizell and Mrs Dashwood had ordered them of you?'

'Miss Frizell detained me nearly two hours,' replied the mother, 'tossed over all my things, and then bought a two-shilling sprig; and as I was an hour after the time appointed at Mrs Dashwood's, she was angry, and would be pleased with nothing. Indeed it is quite true; the flowers were so much tumbled by Miss Frizell and her friends, that, until they have been all fresh done up, they are hardly worth looking at.'

'And Miss Singleton's wedding wreath?' said the daughter. 'How can I finish that, unless I have the materials I require? Only two shillings for four hours' walking and waiting! Ah, mother, mother, how little they know the value of time to us! Will you buy the white and green silk with that money?'

'I spent it, my child, in buying food. I knew we had nothing in the house, and your boy will be wanting his dinner presently. Is he asleep?'

'Yes; see how soundly he sleeps,' answered the young woman; and removing a slight covering, she exhibited on the bed beside her a small fair boy, apparently about a twelvemonth old, who peacefully slumbered in the happy indifference of infancy.

Both gazed at the child till the tears brimmed to their eyes; but after a few minutes, the young mother turned away, and said, 'What can we do? This wreath must be finished, or in another week we shall all be homeless.' She paused a moment, and a crimson spot, which told of some internal struggle, appeared upon her cheeks, whilst her thin lips grew paler than before; then drawing from her finger her wedding-ring, she held it out to her mother. 'It is but for a short time!' she murmured; 'and what matters it? Why should I feel so bitterly at parting with the symbol, when the reality has been torn from me? For our child—his child's sake—it must be done! And what does it signify what is thought of me?' In silence the mother took the ring; for what could she say? It was a sacrifice she could not have asked, but which she saw to be inevitable; for they did not possess another superfluity. Silently, therefore, she took it, and left the room; whilst her unhappy daughter, when left alone, catching up the orange flowers, exclaimed, 'Happy, happy girl! when you wear this wreath, how little will you suspect the bitter tears, the weary fingers, and the aching hearts which have accompanied its growth! And I was once as happy! Who would have imagined then the miserable reverse I now present? But am I not giving way to envy? Because my prospects are blighted, would I wish hers to be dimmed? Heaven forgive me!'—and sinking on the bed beside her still sleeping boy, she continued silent and motionless until her mother's return.

The elder widow, meanwhile, with weary steps and heavy heart, pursued her way to fulfil this painful errand; but so deeply was she engrossed in her own mournful reflections, that she scarcely noticed where she was wandering, until she found herself at the door of a large jeweller's shop in a fashionable street. She entered timidly; and waiting until she saw one of the shopmen disengaged, she ventured to explain her errand, and exhibit the ring.

'It is not our practice, madam, to buy second-hand

goods,' was the reply; 'and if we do, we can only give you the value of the gold.'

'And what may that be?' faltered she.

'I suppose about half-a-crown,' he carelessly answered.

'And is that the utmost you can give me?' replied she in a pleading tone. 'I am in great distress, and have not another sixpence in the world.'

'Are you not the person who sells artificial flowers?' inquired a gentleman who had been for some minutes watching her, and was interested by the sweetness and propriety of her manners.

She replied in the affirmative.

'And did you sell nothing this morning?' again asked he.

'One young lady purchased a two-shilling flower,' replied the poor widow; 'but she detained me so long, that I displeased an excellent customer by failing in punctuality.' The gentleman bit his lip; and hastily crossing the shop, he returned in another minute, leading Louisa; for he was her father, and she had been occupied in selecting a new pair of bracelets for herself at the opposite counter.

'Repeat what you have just said to my daughter,' said Mr Frizell. 'I ask it as a favour for her sake entirely.'

'Excuse me, sir, and forgive the young lady,' replied the widow firmly. 'She was probably not aware of how much value an hour is to a trades-person; but I do not wish to complain of her for that.'

'Permit me at least to rectify her errors,' continued the father; 'but as our business can be better transacted in a more private place, suffer me, in the first instance, to convey you home. You have probably walked far this day.' It was in vain that she offered any opposition; and in another minute she was seated beside Louisa in Mr Frizell's elegant equipage, to the great mortification of that young lady, who flung herself into a corner, and did her utmost to conceal herself from view, lest any one should recognise her with such a companion. They could not approach the lodging very closely in the carriage; but Mr Frizell, nothing daunted by the narrow street or dirty staircase, resolutely drew on his reluctant daughter; and the child of wealth and luxury—the gay, the elegant, the fashionable Louisa Frizell—for the first time stood face to face with the worn and wasted sufferers from want and disease.

Never could she forget the thrill with which she glanced round the miserable room, and eyed the feeble sufferer stretched upon that bed. Poverty! till then she had not known what it was; and yet this was poverty in its least repulsive shape: for though bare and desolate, the room was clean; and though feeble and emaciated, the invalid was tidy in her person; whilst the beautiful little boy who sat beside her, bending his dark pensive eyes on the strange visitors, as if to question their object, gave a degree of grace and elegance to the group. When Louisa saw the gratitude with which her father's purchases were acknowledged, and the satisfaction with which the sum of only twenty shillings was received, she began to understand a little of the value and the power of money. But the glow of still deeper feeling which the restoration of the wedding-ring occasioned was so touching, that she felt for the moment that she would willingly sacrifice half her trinkets to be the author or receiver of such a glance as that.

Happy as was this encounter for the two poor widows, it was eventually a far happier one for Louisa Frizell herself. They were materially assisted in their difficulties, and, in fact, raised from a situation of most depressing and heart-breaking poverty to a degree of comfort, which, to their moderate wishes, seemed like affluence. But she was aroused from a far more lamentable state—from a poverty of feeling, a dearth of compassion, a want of kindly charity to her neighbours, which, but for some such lesson as this, might have starved and destroyed every amiable sentiment in her nature. But the lesson was effectual; and the once

thoughtless Louisa Frizell now sets an example to her young companions both of consideration towards those trades-people she employs, and of moderation and self-denial in the use of the ornaments and expenses which her station in life appears to justify or require.

WILLIAM JACKSON, THE NATURALIST.

We have already on different occasions presented our readers with brief memoirs of eminent naturalists in the humbler walks of life, and the subject of our present paper was an individual of that interesting class. Forfarshire, besides being one of the richest counties in Britain in the treasures it yields to the naturalist, is, moreover, one that has produced some of the most persevering and industrious students of natural history which science can boast of, and these have belonged to the humble, almost self-taught, class of working-men. Alike unknown to fame and fortune, they have, by their own diligence and perseverance in their favourite pursuits, wrought their way upwards in the world to an honourable position in social life, while they have acquired a celebrity and fame in the annals of science which will perpetuate their memory to future ages. Such names as those of George Don and Thomas Drummond are so ingrafted in botanical literature, that they can only die with the science itself.

Mr William Jackson, junior, the subject of our present memoir, was born in Dundee on the 10th October, 1820. His parents were in humble life, his father being a working tailor, yet imbued with a passionate love of the objects of natural history, to the study of which he devoted the leisure hours afforded by his employment. His father's attachment to natural history must no doubt have had a powerful effect in directing William in early life to the observation of natural objects, and he soon evinced a decided taste for botanical science. This taste received every encouragement from his father so far as his circumstances would allow; but William does not appear to have received much parental instruction in botany—his father being chiefly engaged in investigating the various branches of zoology, to which he had always a peculiar predilection, and which left him very little leisure time to devote to other subjects. William's scholastic education was confined to the elementary branches of reading, writing, and arithmetic, with a smattering of English grammar, &c.; which form the usual curriculum of the boys of the working-class of society in Scotland. On leaving school at an early age, he adopted his father's employment of tailor, and diligently employed his leisure hours, morning and evening, in improving himself in the branches of education which he had been taught; but more especially in the pursuit of his favourite subject, botany. He likewise acquired some knowledge of Latin, and an acquaintance with general literature. The nature of his employment occasionally allowed him an idle day to spend in the fields; but with him it was not idly spent. The neighbourhood of Dundee afforded many pleasing retreats of picturesque beauty, where he had ample opportunities of studying the lovely and varied vegetable forms which he admired so much. The rocky coast in the immediate vicinity of the town furnished him with many interesting plants peculiar to marine exposures, while the sea-beach was strewn with the lovely forms of algae and zoophytes, thrown up by the waves. The extensive range of Sidlaw Hills bore many sub-alpine species (including mosses and lichens) of considerable interest; and on the links of Barry, at the mouth of the river Tay, he gathered many rare gems of beauty, some of which are scarcely to be found elsewhere. The time of Jackson's herborising excursions was generally the morning; and often were his morning walks much more extended than one with less enthusiasm would have felt agreeable. No uncommon occurrence would it be to see him out at Baldovan Woods (some four or five miles from Dundee) by the early dawn of a summer morning, already busy filling his *vasculum* with the opening flowers, still moist with dew. These excursions he enjoyed in the true spirit of a field naturalist, and although they

were often attended with much fatigue, and sometimes hunger and thirst to boot, they were indeed the happiest hours of his life. He loved much in after years to recall his pleasant wanderings by stream and mountain, in search of nature's beauties; and those only who have been in like circumstances, can feel with what grateful contentment he had sat down on these occasions on the green turf, after a dozen, or perhaps twenty miles' walk, to dine on his bit of crust moistened in the mossy rill.

Jackson's devotion to the study of plants at length recommended him to the attention of some influential members of the Botanical Society; and on the 14th May, 1840, he was elected an associate of that body. This event had a highly beneficial effect upon him. Some men, with less perseverance, would have leant upon the oar for a time, and self-approvingly enjoyed the honour so unexpectedly conferred; but instead of this, it served only to stimulate Jackson to renewed exertion and more diligent application. Having by this time, however, gained a pretty extensive knowledge of the various tribes of plants indigenous to the neighbouring country, he felt a desire to extend his researches, and formed arrangements for a tour to some rich botanical district. Accordingly, towards the latter end of July 1840, he proceeded to the Clova Mountains in company with his friend Mr William Gardiner—another self-instructed naturalist, to whose interesting 'Lessons on British Mosses,' 'Botanical Rambles,' and other publications, we have already directed attention (No. 172)—fully equipped with the *material* necessary for collecting, examining, and preserving botanical specimens. Here the two botanists remained for several weeks, during which time they collected and dried large quantities of specimens of the rare Alpine plants that grow so profusely on these mountains. These specimens furnished Jackson with subjects for extensive study for a long period after his return, more especially throughout the following winter, and they were the means of greatly extending his knowledge of the obscure tribes of mosses and lichens.

It seldom occurs that a naturalist confines himself *exclusively* to the study of one particular class of natural objects; nor was this the case with Jackson. He had, along with his botanical studies, made himself acquainted (by assistance from his father) with some departments of zoology, and in particular took considerable interest in ornithology. To this subject he afterwards devoted considerable attention, and took great delight in wandering along the sea-beach even in the cold and stormy weather of mid-winter, studying the habits of the interesting tribe of ocean birds. These were the chief objects of his study subsequently to the time of his father's death in 1846, he having at this time been appointed to the curatorship of the Dundee Watt Institution Museum, which had been previously held by his father for many years. This museum was one of the best provincial natural history collections of its kind in Scotland; and to the laborious exertions of the two Jacksons was it indebted for many of the finest specimens which it contained.

In the year 1847, Mr Jackson and a number of other enthusiastic naturalists in Dundee formed a society, called the Dundee Naturalists' Association, for the reading of papers on natural-history subjects, and otherwise elucidating the natural productions of the surrounding country. Besides acting as treasurer of this association up to the time of his decease, he read various papers of interest to the meetings. One of these papers was of special importance—being a list, &c. of the birds of Forfarshire, exhibiting the occurrence of many rare species in the county, and narrating many facts of great interest from his own and his father's observations.

Shortly previous to the time of his decease, Jackson contemplated preparing more elaborate contributions to zoological science for publication; but, alas! the hand of death arrested his career at the very time when he began to lay the results of his labours before the world; and he sank into the grave in March 1848, a victim, it is believed, to over-application, at the early age of twenty-seven, leaving a widow and two young children to mourn the loss of a loving husband and affectionate father.

His collections of stuffed birds, dried plants, and other specimens of natural history, are very extensive, and form a remarkable instance of what can be accomplished by steady perseverance, even despite the untoward circumstances in which a working-man is placed, and without interfering with his domestic comforts. In too many instances enthusiasts in Jackson's circumstances allow their private tastes and studies to interfere unduly with the employments upon which they depend for support: but such was not the case with him: he attended scrupulously to his employment, employing only the moments of remission from toil in the mornings and evenings in his favourite pursuits; and the only instance in which he devoted the proper hours of labour to study, was on the occasion of his sojourn among the Clova Mountains. He used to say, in the quaint words of a friend—'One must mind what one makes one's bread by.'

A NIGHT IN A MODEL LODGING-HOUSE.

WITH the view of procuring an insight into the economy of a London Model Lodging-House, I proceeded one evening lately to seek for a night's accommodation in one of these establishments, situated in George Street, St Giles. Threading my way through a number of densely-packed and busy streets, I at length reached the bottom of George Street, where I beheld the object of my search, a lofty and substantial edifice. There were two decently-dressed men lounging at the door.

'Is this the Model Lodging-House?' I asked.

'You can have apartments here,' replied the better attired of the two.

This answer was instructive. It showed that the title Model Lodging-House was not tasteful to its inmates, and reminded me that the name of the St Pancras establishment had been changed to 'The Metropolitan Buildings' from this cause. It also evinced how universally the pride of appearing above their real condition pervades all classes. But this is not only pardonable, it is a commendable sentiment; for the next step to desiring to appear higher and better, is becoming so.

The gentleman, however, politely opened a glazed door, and directed me to a sort of lodge which did duty as library and office, and is enclosed by what is called the 'pay window.' Here I learnt from the superintendent that my desire to appear there in the character of a lodger for that night only could not be complied with, as that building accommodated weekly inmates, and no others. Nothing daunted, however, I asked permission to look into the coffee-room, and was not only allowed to do so, but the superintendent, perceiving I was anxious for information, gave me the engraved plan of the house, which I now consult. From it I find that the edifice presents an entire frontage of 80 feet, and that the coffee or common room is 33 feet long by 23 feet wide, and is nearly 11 feet high. On entering it, I found that there are four rows of tables, with a pair of cross tables beside the fireplace. Some of the inmates were reading, some writing, others playing at draughts, and there was a couple of chess-players. The rules forbid games of chance. The other rules are excellent. The first and second are to the effect that the establishment shall be kept open from five in the morning until twelve at night, after which hour the bedroom lights are extinguished, and the entrance closed. They then proceed—

'The property of the establishment to be treated with due care, and, in particular, no cutting or writing on the tables, forms, chairs, or other articles, and no defacing of the walls to be permitted.

'No gambling, quarrelling, fighting, or profane or abusive language to be permitted.

'Habits of cleanliness are expected in the lodgers, and any person guilty of filthy or dirty practices will not be permitted to remain in the house.

'Each lodger will be provided with a box and locker for the security of his property, the keys of which will

be delivered to him on depositing the sum of one shilling, to be returned to him on the re-delivery of the keys.

'All earthenware, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles, used by the lodgers, to be returned by them to the superintendent immediately after they have done with them.

'A wilful breach of any of the above rules will subject the party to immediate exclusion from the house.'

A rule has been added, by which, if a lodger presents himself for admission after midnight, he is liable to a fine of twopenny; but if he is not in by one o'clock, the door is peremptorily closed against him. The superintendent said this is of very rare occurrence.

I soon engaged one of the lodgers in conversation, and learnt from him that persons of all grades had been seen in that apartment. A reduced physician with an Edinburgh diploma had lodged in the house for some time, and he had seen the upper corner of the room converted into a studio by a humble artist, who painted pictures one day, which he sold to the dealers the next.

Another inmate of this house was afterwards so good as to communicate to me his experiences of it in writing. He is an assistant in an attorney's office.

'I did not,' he writes, 'at first like the notion of sharing a home common to any one that might choose to avail themselves of it, and perhaps I should not have done so had my circumstances been other than they were; but necessity, that sharpest of goads, compelled me. I took up my abode in this lodging-house, and on many occasions I congratulate myself that I did; for, as a substitute for the home I and my brothers had lost for ever, it gave me infinitely more pleasure and satisfaction than I had anticipated. A few days sufficed for my initiation into the habits and customs of the place; and before a week had passed, I could take in my chop from the butcher, prepare my vegetables, and cook my dinner with as much confidence, and in as masterly a style, as the "oldest inhabitant."

'I assure you I did not care to eat anything I had not cooked myself in the kitchen. That portion of the place is fitted up with a very well-arranged apparatus, and is well supplied with cooking implements, a fire being continually burning. On a level with the kitchen is the laundry, in which there is a boiler to supply the inmates and the bath-room with hot water, and a complete set of washing-tubs and sinks for washers. The bath-room, on the same level, I am sorry to say, only contains one bath, and even that is so ill supplied with water, that only one person can take a bath in the course of three-quarters of an hour. The charge for a warm bath is a penny; for a cold one, a halfpenny; and it is not an unusual thing for half-a-dozen lodgers to be waiting in turn to bathe.

'Each lodger, when he enters the house, on payment of the first week's rent, receives from the superintendent a key bearing the number of the bedroom he is to occupy, and another key, bearing the number of a small zinc-lined safe, in which he keeps his stock of provisions. As to the bedrooms, each is complete in itself. They are small, but the furniture and fittings render them perfect, though simple. A chair, a chest or locker, a small French plain bedstead, and the bed-clothing, in regard to cleanliness, would not lose by comparison with that of a West-end hotel; and as to quality, that is beyond fault. Four floors are fitted up with bedrooms, and to each floor there is a washing-room.

'To classify the lodgers would be a most difficult matter. On one bench in the coffee-room you would see a person whose garb was one of faded gentility, and who, having experienced better circumstances, and moved in superior circles, struggles to the last to keep up the semblance of respectability; on another, the journeyman mechanic, reading from some cheap publication some interesting story: there a couple of attorneys' clerks; here a cluster of workmen from some manufactory, or perhaps half-a-dozen labourers, clean in appearance, and decent in behaviour.

'Speaking from my own experience as to the moral and social effect of these club-houses for the people, I should mete out to them unequivocal praise. The habits of the lodgers are clean, peaceable, and orderly.'

To the information of my intelligent correspondent I may add what else I learnt during my short visit. The house cost £6,000 in building: it has four floors of dormitories, which afford separate sleeping-rooms for 104 lodgers, some of whom have continued in it since its opening, about two years since; and more than half may be considered permanent lodgers. They pay 2s. 4d. per week in advance. The building is effectually warmed and ventilated, and has proved itself extremely salubrious, in spite of its contiguity to Church Lane.

Having finished my conversations with some of the inmates, and with the superintendent, the latter with civil attention directed me to the nightly lodging-house in Charles Street, Drury Lane, in which I desired to pass the night. I remember about ten years ago visiting this and other places in the neighbourhood with a gentleman connected with the City Mission, and was introduced to scenes of misery, squalor, and vice, which no healthy imagination can picture without actual observation. The exterior aspect of the locality had changed but little, except that it now abounds with lodging-houses, in which human beings of all ages, and of both sexes, are nightly huddled together amidst the most revolting discomfort and wickedness. To supersede these nests of infamy the more effectually, the projectors of the Model Lodging-Houses have planted some of their establishments in the very midst of them. But this seems to have augmented rather than to have decreased the evil; for as I sauntered up the street, looking to one side and the other to find the house I was in search of, an emissary darted out from each of the lodging-houses to solicit my patronage, and to assure me that his or hers was the Model Lodging-House. Indeed some of these places boldly exhibited a rude transparency, inscribed with the words, 'Model Lodging-House!' Many an unwary and weary traveller from the country, glad of the first chance of rest within his power, has doubtless been initiated by this sort of deception into orgies he little dreamt of. Indeed even I was somewhat puzzled, and to make sure, put myself under the guidance of a policeman; for here, as in St Giles, there was no lack of the force. He conveyed me safely, and I asked one of a group standing at the door if I could be accommodated: he thought not. 'You must come earlier,' he said, 'if you want to sleep here. My belief is, that all the beds have been taken since nine o'clock.' It was now nearly eleven; but to be certain, I walked up a passage, and tapped at the window of the office. When it was raised, it revealed, seated in a comfortable apartment, a portly matron, who confirmed what I had been already told; but relieved my disappointment by saying that I could get a bed at the 'other house,' in King Street. Hereupon there ensued a whispering between her and a deaf gentleman, apparently an assistant in the office; and whether it was a mark of especial attention to myself, or whether it was the general rule, I know not, but she sent the deaf gentleman round to show me exactly where King Street and the other house were, lest I should founder without such a pilot against those 'breakers ahead'—the touters.

The kitchen of this Charles Street lodging, of which I got a glimpse before leaving, is a very good-sized, clean, warm-looking place. A capacious kitchen-range was fully occupied by some of the lodgers making coffee, and cooking savoury viands for their suppers; others were seated at the table. There were perhaps some twenty or thirty present, the majority apparently mechanics not in a very flourishing condition; others of that class so numerous in London, whose wits have been rendered sharp and versatile by want: one day they may be found working as carpenters; on another as bricklayers; the day after, mending or polishing shoes, as though they had never been used to aught

else; and at other times performing errands and messages, or supplying *pro tem* the place of some suddenly-discharged or invalidated servant; 'everything by turns'—as chance might call for, 'and nothing long'—as fate willed it.

Conducted by my deaf friend, I arrived at the third, or supplementary house, belonging to the society, in King Street. I saw at once it was not so extensive as the Charles Street one, and that was inferior again to the first building I had applied at. In the front parlour were a man and his wife at supper—the master and matron; and the latter announced to me that my search after a couch in a Model Lodging-House was over; and wished to know, on my paying down fourpence, whether I would retire at once? Upon asking if I could have any refreshment before going off for the night, she answered, 'Oh, anything you wish'; whereupon, with the innocence of one of the uninitiated, I signified my desire that a cup of coffee should be served to me at once. I was speedily enlightened by the information, that whatever I wanted I must fetch from a neighbouring shop, and, moreover, cook for and serve up to myself. Although much tempted, on going down into the kitchen, by the row of saucepans, kettles, and jugs, all standing ready over the fireplace for any one inclined to use them, I felt myself unequal to the task of becoming my own cook. There were only two or three of my fellow-lodgers, who, from what I gathered of their conversation, seemed to have been companion boarders for some nights past, but were not communicative; and I reascended the narrow staircase, the master came out, and preceded me up stairs to the dormitories.

I was conducted through a room about eighteen feet long by about eight broad, in which was placed four beds crossways, with their heads to the windows, into a smaller one adjoining; the partition was not of a very substantial order, and did not reach to the ceiling, so that the light from one gas-lamp sufficed for both. In this kind of large closet were two beds; and the master, pointing to one, said that was the one I had better take, and then left, bidding me 'Good-night' in as kind and impressive a manner as though he really wished I should have one.

My first adventure was characteristic:—The other bed was already occupied, and its possessor, when I addressed him, without any loss of time stretched over and grasped from his bundle his waistcoat, and took it into bed with him, a slight jingle of silver announcing his reasons, and conveying to me the probability that he was mentally saying, 'Who knows? perhaps he's a pickpocket.' Not allowing my feelings to be at all hurt at this display of caution, I kept up a conversation while making preparations to turn in for the night; but as he told me he had come to bed very early, because he was in want of sleep, and that he had chosen this house in preference to the Charles Street one, as it was so much quieter, I took the hint, and allowed him to rest.

I then made an inspection of the place; and if my sleeping companion had happened suddenly to open his eyes, and had seen me peering about, he would have inwardly rejoiced at having taken the precaution he did regarding the contents of his waistcoat. The walls of the rooms had been whitened, but were now in a state that called for another coat of lime-wash. I was also shocked to observe several of those specimens of entomology whose especial habitat is dirty dormitories. A few of them were descending the walls, and making towards the beds, as though bent on having a night of it.

Between every bed was placed a box for the clothes of the sleepers, and hat-pegs so abounded, that the calculation appeared to have been, every visitor would bring three or four of those articles with him. The counterpanes on the beds would have been none the worse for a plunge in the washing-tub, and the sheets would have been manifestly much the better. Coarser

materials, and more frequent changes, would have been a decided improvement. The beds I saw in George Street were scrupulously clean, and the sheets are, I was told, changed every week.

Sleeping in a strange place in a strange bed is seldom conducive to rest; but the locality of this Model Lodging-House, and all its arrangements, with the character of those partaking of its comforts, was so strange to me, that it would have kept me from closing my eyes had I wished even to do so. At first my repose was not so much broken by my immediate companions as by our neighbours the inhabitants of the adjoining lodging-houses. About midnight, they commenced their evening in a social manner. Windows were thrown open, and a regular *conversazione* was kept up by the occupants of the various rooms on one side the way with those in apartments on the other, occasionally interrupted by hollowed rather than spoken words from groups at all the doors, so that the multiplicity of questions and answers perpetually crossing and recrossing the street, the confusion of tongues, with the whooping and yelling of children playing about even at that late hour, had an effect the reverse of sedative. Presently an itinerant imitation 'Jim Crow' and banjo-player had manifestly returned from his evening's perambulation, and was vociferously welcomed. After a short lull, a loud call was made for him to present himself at his window, after the manner, as we were told, the students of Germany requested Jenny Lind to show herself at the hotel balcony, and sing to them. He, too, was called upon for a song, and promptly favoured the neighbours with 'Oh, Susanna!' accompanying himself on the banjo, and was—to the utter destruction of all sleep for those who wished it—joined at each *refrain* by the entire vocal strength of the company of auditors.

During the pauses of this performance, the shrill voices of two women in angry contention augured a coming quarrel; and before the song was quite over, it was drowned by fierce and frantic oaths of many who had ceased to sing that they might take part in the revolting warfare of tongues. Presently shrieks of 'murder!' and 'police!' resounded on all sides. The last call was, it would seem, instantly answered; for in an incredibly short time the riot was quelled. All seemed to disappear into their respective homes, doors were slammed, windows shut down, and the street became pretty quiet; although I could for some time hear the rumbling echoes of the departed disturbance till it entirely subsided.

Just before the time for closing the doors of the house for the night came a great influx of visitors—some tramping up the stairs overhead, some below—and four were ushered into the adjoining room. These seemed to have established a friendship at some place where they had been spending the evening; and after displaying much politeness in offering each other choice of the beds, and had fairly taken possession of them, they kept up an animated discourse, disclosing circumstances of their family history, and anecdotes of their personal career, which would be more amusing than instructive were I to detail them. All were agreed that the accommodation they were now partaking of was very superior to the old style of nightly lodging-houses. One declared, that although he had only had one week's regular work since March, yet, distressed as he was, he would rather walk about the streets all night than turn into a bed in which there was 'anything unpleasant.' I took a hasty shuddering glance at the wall as he spoke, and beheld a regular army marching and manoeuvring previous to commencing their grand attack under cover of darkness.

With this they were soon obliged; for at one o'clock the gas was extinguished, and by half-past one every voice was silenced and every sound hushed. I tried to sleep in vain; I coveted the tough skin and hardy unconsciousness of 'anything unpleasant' possessed by my companion, who snored lustily.

Before five o'clock in the morning, the stamping of

feet overhead, and the opening and shutting of doors above and below, announced many of the lodgers were preparing to commence the day. I was almost one of the first stirring, and proceeding through the apartment in which lay the four sleepers, descended to the kitchen. This was very unlike the one in Charles Street; I cannot say that it was very clean, or possessed too much accommodation, or had an air of comfort. A kind of sink in one corner, with a couple of pewter bowls, formed the lavatory of the establishment, and one jack towel. Three blacking brushes were there for those who wished to use them; but blacking there was none. This occasioned a facetious lodger to ask another, who had a most surprising shine on his shoes, 'if he would oblige him by allowing him to rub the brushes over his boots, just to borrow a bit of their polish?' Two small remnants of a looking-glass enabled the lodgers to complete their toilets. On the wall were affixed a number of pigeon-hole cupboards, with locks and keys, in which the bread, coffee, rashers of bacon, or other provisions brought in by the inmates of the house the preceding night were deposited.

By half-past six the majority of those who had slept in the establishment were at breakfast, while the rest were washing and dressing in the same kitchen with them. Every one made his own coffee; and the best off among them grilled his own rasher, and as soon as he had despatched them, lit his pipe, and puffed away at the deleterious weed. Instead of taking breakfast, I kept up a conversation with some of my companions. One inquired whether I was going to 'feed,' and offered, as I appeared a stranger, to go out and show me where to purchase the various necessaries. I declined these attentions, possibly they thought from lack of funds; and to show the generous kindness current among the poorer orders (of which I have previously seen many proofs), I was invited to partake of the coffee and etceteras of the identical individual who expressed himself so energetically regarding his horror of 'anything unpleasant.' His invitation was expressed in these homely but sincere words, 'Come along, and pitch in,* and I'll do the same with you to-morrow: it's all one.' This was evidently said that I might not feel the obligation too keenly; for what chance was there of my seeing him to-morrow? I thanked the good fellow warmly, but said I should have breakfast: which I had; but not till I had made the best of my way in a cab to Peerless Pool, and performed one of the most grateful ablutions I had ever experienced.

Although this King Street house has many drawbacks, yet it must be remembered that it is not a fair specimen of its class, being apparently an establishment hastily formed, to meet a demand greater than the benevolent projectors of the Model Lodging anticipated. They should, however, cause a rigid supervision to be made over their subordinates in the matter of cleanliness. Great laxity appears to exist in this respect as regards this single house. One of my companion inmates told me that the Charles Street rooms and beds were cleaner, and I know that the George Street ones leave nothing to be wished. I cannot either help thinking that the locality of all these houses is badly chosen. The intention in placing them where they are was excellent, but I think fails. The desire was to set up 'models' to the surrounding inhabitants; but of what efficacy can such examples prove to the keepers of lodging-houses who find these powerful rivals? Profit is their sole object; and to obtain it, they will crowd, by fair means or foul, as many persons into their confined rooms as they can inveigle into them. Cleanliness, ventilation, and proper sleeping space cost money; hence they will never copy a model which is calculated to reduce their unrighteous profits.

On the other hand, the well-disposed lodger, by being obliged to pass to his lodging through these streets—where the exhibition of debauchery is not always con-

* Anglick, 'attack the meal vigorously.'

fined within doors—can hardly be expected wholly to escape the contamination the model houses are built to preserve him from. His peace is also disturbed by such disorders as those I have described; and they, I learn, are almost of nightly occurrence. In one respect the rivalry has operated disadvantageously; for the older-established lodgings have lowered their terms, and to make up the difference, necessarily take in larger numbers, and afford less accommodation.

Despite these drawbacks, however, these model houses are, I am satisfied, performing their mission, and will eventually, but slowly, work a reformation in the habits of the working and necessitous classes.

NATURE'S ICE-CAVES.

SOME curious and but little-known facts upon natural ice-houses having turned up in the course of our reading, we are tempted at this time, when the production of cold is becoming almost as necessary as that of heat for domestic comfort, to set them in some sort of order. When it is borne in mind that the natural refrigeratories of which we are about to speak abound in the production of clear, massive, and valuable ice, and yet that they often exist in places where the mean or average temperature is far above the freezing-point, we are justified in claiming a peculiar interest for our article. Many of these natural storehouses of cold are highly estimated in the districts where they occur, and furnish in various instances enormous supplies of ice at a period when every other source is either unavailable or exhausted.

Several natural ice-houses exist in the chain of the Jura Mountains. Some of these have been long known to a few scientific travellers, and have formed the 'lions' of the unimportant districts in which they are situated. Perhaps one of the best-known is called La Beaume, and has been described in most interesting terms by several men of science who have visited it. M. Prévost, who made a scientific tour in the region, has related the following particulars concerning it:—Situated in the above-named locality, it is a grotto or cavern hollowed out in a naturally low hill, the average temperature of its position being considerably above 32 degrees Fahrenheit, the freezing-point. From the peculiarity of its aperture and general form, no snow can enter, and therefore the internal cold of this place cannot be due to any external cause. The cavern is upwards of 300 feet in length, and at its widest is about 100 feet, and is naturally divided into three compartments. The traveller visited it in the middle of August, on a broiling, scorching day, and on entering it, experienced the most severe and penetrating cold. 'The first object,' he says, 'that struck my eyes was a mass of ice fed by the water which distilled constantly, drop by drop, from a sort of spring in the roof.' The whole cavern was covered with a solid glittering pavement, clear as crystal, of ice a foot thick. In it were numerous holes containing water of intense coldness, by sounding which, the thickness of the pavement was easily ascertained. This, it will be observed, is the scene in summer. The winter comes, and all is changed: the crystalline pavement melts, and runs away into water; the solid masses of ice are no longer visible; and the cavern is actually warmer than the external air; and during all this period a thick mist issues constantly from its mouth, and fills its interior. Surely here is a paradox, which, at a less enlightened and more illiberal period, would have been scouted as one of the improbable series called travellers' tales. The fact, however, can be well authenticated, and will receive abundant corroboration in the many similar examples we shall adduce.

Professor Pictet of Geneva, who paid much attention to this natural phenomenon, and has published a scientific communication upon the subject, in a tour in the same regions, visited another natural ice-cave of almost equal celebrity called St George's. This cave is let out to a peasant by the commune to which

it belongs for a small annual rental, for the sake of the beautiful ice which it produces. In ordinary years, the cave supplies only the families in the immediate vicinity; but when a mild winter is succeeded by a broiling summer, even Geneva itself, although several leagues distant, receives its store from this source. At such seasons, every second day a heavily-laden wagon proceeds from the ice-cave to the hospital at Geneva, which purchases the whole quantity, and retails it at a profit to the confectioners of the town—a trade by which its revenues are considerably augmented. This cavern is entered by two well-like pits, down which the visitor must descend by a ladder. The bottom is a solid bed of ice, and its form is that of a lofty hemispherical vault about 27 feet in height, which is covered by a stratum of calcareous rock only 18 inches thick. The length is 75 feet, its width 40 feet. A regular set of ice-masons are engaged in excavating the sparkling solid. It is cut with appropriate tools into long wedges, and then divided by transverse cuts about a foot distant from each other, by which means blocks of ice a cubic foot in dimensions are detached. After a certain quantity has been carried out, it is carried in hods to a magazine near the place, where the wagons are loaded. Some idea may be formed of the severity of the cold inside, when it is mentioned, that although the thermometer in the shade was at 63 degrees Fahrenheit outside, it was at 34 degrees Fahrenheit, or only two degrees from the freezing mark inside! That even a more severe cold than this exists during the most broiling summer day, is evident from a fact mentioned by the workmen, that if two blocks are left in contact for a little while, they become so firmly frozen together, as to require to be re-cut to separate them. Now it is an extraordinary fact, that the temperature of a spring which bubbled from the rock at a little distance did not indicate in the remotest manner the existence of such a degree of cold in its source, as it was as high as 51 degrees. Hence it was evident that the cause of the frigid effects was purely local, and confined to the cave and its immediate vicinity.

In this cave, as in the last, the ice disappears in winter; and, singular to say, the *hotter* the summer in both cases, the more abundant the productiveness of the caves in this substance! Had the cave been the work of some ingenious artist, one would scarcely have felt surprise at the exactness of its adaptation for the production of ice; and it must be considered, with the rest of the cases to be quoted, as a rare illustration of an apparently fortuitous arrangement of inanimate nature, fulfilling in the most complete manner all the functions of a special contrivance. But, as will be noticed in the sequel, the law which governs its temperature sufficiently indicates that an all-wise Mind ordained it, and no doubt with a special object in view. At no great distance from the ice-cave of St George's another was found, the entrance to which was announced by a low vault 40 feet or so in width, and by a current of air which fell upon the over-heated traveller with folds of deadly coldness, so that the greatest caution is necessary in entering it. Descending by an inclined plane, the cavity is found to become wider from the entrance inwards. At the bottom is a horizontal platform of ice. The cave is about 60 feet long by 30 wide; the ice is thickest at the farthest end. The roof presents a beautiful appearance, all pendent with elegant stalactites of the purest ice; and the *coup d'œil* is picturesque in the extreme. The temperature in the open air at this time was 58 degrees Fahrenheit in the shade, and in the grotto it was 34 degrees Fahrenheit. The guide related that when he visited it in the previous April, three months before, there was no ice then; yet at this period, in the middle of an unusually hot summer day, it existed in abundance.

The all-observant and renowned De Saussure, in his travels in the Alps, paid much attention to these caves, and offered the first rational attempt at a solution of

the riddle. He says that in the volcanic island of Ischia, near Naples, which abounds with hot springs, a number of grottos exist in which a great degree of cold is felt. At the period when he visited them, the external shade-heat was 63 degrees, that of the grottos 45 degrees, and in a severely hot summer they were colder still. Other caves are mentioned in a freestone hill upon which the town of St Marin is built, where the same violent contrasts existed between the temperature of the external and internal atmospheres. Evelyn mentions, in his account of his tour in Italy, being shown as a wonder in one of the palaces which he visited a hole out of which issued a strong current of cold air sufficiently powerful to buoy up a copper ball. Saussure states that in a private house near Terni, in the Papal States, there is a cellar of no great depth out of which an impetuous, sharp, cold wind issues. Numerous natural refrigeratories are commemorated by the same philosopher; among the most curious were some which he found at the foot of a steep mountain near Mount Pilatus, on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne. These places were simply small wooden huts, on three sides formed of timber, but the back wall was built against the talus, or heap of fragments, and rubbish at the foot of the rock, and was formed in a loose manner of dry stones. When these huts were visited by the traveller, it being the 31st of July, the thermometer marked 73 degrees in the shade, in the huts it was as low as 39 degrees, or seven degrees above the freezing-point; and all that separated these remote degrees of temperature was a few planks of wood! The proprietors of these places mentioned several curious facts in illustration of their utility. Milk, they said, could easily be kept sweet and fresh in the heats of summer for three weeks, meat for a month, and cherries from one season to another! In winter, curious enough it is to notice that outside water will be frozen for some time before it is so within. Saussure adds, that the 'proprietors of the caves unanimously affirmed, that the hotter the summer was, the greater was the strength of the cold current which issued from them.' In the winter a sensible current of air sets into them. In the south of France is another famous natural ice cave—that of Fondercule. M. Hericart de Thury has given an interesting account of a visit to it. This cave is situated in a wild and romantic region, where some long bygone convulsion of the earth has rent asunder the solid rocks, and produced a scene of confusion of the wildest description. The occurrence of the cave in this district, and its extraordinary phenomena of temperature, &c. are without doubt attributable to this geological disturbance, as will be best perceived in the sequel. It was long thought to be a subterranean glacier, and has been described as such; but this is an erroneous view of the case. It is a magnificent cavern, nearly 200 feet in depth, of very irregular width; and the thickness of its vaulted roof is about 66 feet. Its interior is decorated with the most beautiful calcareous stalactites, and the floor is variegated with curious alabaster cones, which shoot out from the sheet of clear, transparent ice forming the pavement. In many places elegant stalactites of ice drop down from the roof like pendants of clear glass, and, as it were, melt into the glassy floor beneath, so that the vault is upheld by pillars of this beautiful material. The alabastrine stalactites are found principally at the sides of the cavern, while the icy ones are in the middle, and here and there produce all the resemblance of rich folds of drapery clear as water. One of the travellers cut a hole in a pillar of ice, and placed a candle inside; the most magical effects were thus produced; and the fantastic aisles of this subterranean temple of cold were illuminated with the richest yellow, blue, green, and red tints, the reflected rays playing with illusory effect upon the floor of ice, the pillars of the same substance, and of alabaster, and the great stalagmites which lined the walls. A larger illumination was afterwards

got up by arranging torches in the clearest and best crystallised parts of the cavern; and the result, say the visitors, 'was worthy of all that the "Thousand and One Nights" could present to the richest and most brilliant imagination.' This beautiful cave is sometimes made use of economically when there is a scarcity of ice; and its crystalline pavement is dug up, and carried to several towns in the vicinity.

We have met with an account by Professor Silliman of America, which we have no hesitation in classifying under our present head. The ice-cave of which he speaks is in the state of Connecticut, between Hartford and Newhaven. It is only 200 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in a defile filled with fragments of rocks of various sizes, through which a small brook runs. It was visited in the middle of July, the thermometer at 85 degrees in the shade; and on approaching it, an evident chilliness was felt in the air. Parties of pleasure often resort hither in the sultry summer days to drink of the cold flowing waters, and to amuse themselves with the rich store of ice here treasured up. In some places the ice is quite near the surface, and is only covered with leaves. A boy, armed with a hatchet, descended into a cavity, and after a little hard work, hewed out a solid lump of ice several pounds in weight. An idea of the solidity of this piece may be formed, by adding that on the third day some of it was yet unmelted. A similar repository of cold exists about seven miles from Newhaven, at the bottom of a steep ridge of trap rock. In the hottest summers ice is conveyed from this place to Newhaven, much soiled, indeed, with leaves and dirt, but useful for cooling beverages. A more celebrated one, also in America, has often been noticed by tourists of that country; some accounts, in fact, have been greatly exaggerated about it. It is situated in Hampshire county, Virginia, and is widely celebrated under the title of the Ice-Mountain. The place where the store of cold exists is a sort of natural glacier, which lies against a steep mural ridge of lofty rock, and is composed of a number of fragments of sandstone of all sizes loosely heaped together. In the midst of these the ice is contained. It was visited in the summer of 1838, a season of drought and heat quite unparalleled in the history of that country. But the excessive external heat did not appear to exert the smallest influence on the Ice-Mountain. At the depth of a few inches abundance of excellent ice was found, and a thermometer lowered into a cavity dropped from 95 to 40 degrees. The surrounding rocks were covered with dew, owing to the condensation of atmospheric vapour by the excessive coldness of their surface. One cavity had been filled with snow, and only covered with a few planks, and yet the snow was as crisp as if it had but just fallen! At the bottom is a little artificial structure called the 'dairy,' and used for that purpose in the summer. In ordinary summers its roof is covered with icicles, and its sides are often quite incrustated with ice. Strange to say, a spring near the rock has only one degree less temperature than the waters of the surrounding district. The atmosphere over this singular spot had in this scorching season a balmy spring-like coolness, most refreshing to the weary traveller. Most Italian tourists know the Monte Testaccio near Rome. It is a hill from 200 to 300 feet high, composed of broken pieces of urns; hence its name. It is, in fact, a vast mass of broken pottery; therefore extremely light and porous. It is situated in the burning Campagna, near the city; and yet, most singular it is, that from every side of this hill there descend winds of the most refreshing coolness. The inhabitants also dig caves into the hill, which they use as refrigeratories, and in these the thermometer often marks 44 degrees when the temperature outside is nearly 80 degrees.

We shall conclude our series of illustrations upon this curious subject by referring to one which has attracted a large share of interest and attention of some of the most talented of our learned men. It is to be found in the splendid work on the Geology of Russia,

recently published, by Sir Roderick T. Murchison. The ice-cave here commemorated is not far from Orenburg, and boasts of the unpronounceable name *Illetschaya-Zust-chita*. It is situated at the base of a hillock of gypsum, at the eastern end of a village connected with the imperial establishment, and is one of a series of apparently natural hollows used by the peasants for cellars or stores. It possesses the remarkable property of being partly filled with ice in the *summer*, and totally destitute thereof in the *winter*. 'Standing,' says the talented author, 'on the heated ground, and under a broiling sun, I shall never forget my astonishment when the woman to whom the cavern belonged opened a frail door, and a volume of air so piercingly keen struck the legs and feet, that we were glad to rush into a cold bath in front of us to equalise the effect! We afterwards subjected the whole body to the cooling process by entering the cave, which is on a level with the street. At three or four paces from the door, on which shone the glaring sun, we were surrounded by half-frozen *quass* and the provisions of the natives. The roof of the cavern hung with solid undripping icicles, and the floor might be called a stalagmite of ice and frozen earth. We were glad to escape in a few minutes from this ice-bound prison, so long had our frames been accustomed to a powerful heat.' The cold in this cavern is invariably the greatest inside when the air is the hottest outside. As soon as winter sets in, the ice disappears, and in mid-winter the peasants assured the travellers that the cave was of so genial a temperature, that they could sleep in it without their sheep-skins. At the very period when Sir R. Murchison visited it, the thermometer was 90 degrees in the shade, a degree of heat which only those who have experienced it can appreciate; yet a single plank was the division between a burning sun and a freezing vault! The cave is about 10 paces long, and about 10 feet high. It has a vaulted roof, in which great fissures open, which appear to communicate with the body of the hillock. This account was first read before the Geological Society, and excited much discussion among the members of the body. Sir R. Murchison at first believed that the intensely-frigid powers of the cave were due in some way, which the learned expositor could not make very clear, to the presence of saline ingredients in the rocks. His geological chemistry, however, being shown to be at fault, and the causes on which he relied, if they existed at all, being such as to produce *heat* instead of cold, Sir J. Herschel undertook the solution of the problem. An elaborate letter of his soon appeared, in which he attempted to show that the cold of the cave was explicable on climatological grounds solely, and in which much was said about waves of heat and cold, so as to give a very scientific air to the explanation. But on similar grounds we might expect every natural cavern similarly situated to be a freezing cave; which is not the case.

Saussure long ago gave the clue to the real exposition of this paradoxical phenomenon; and Professor Pictet, following it out, has satisfactorily demonstrated that it is a beautiful example of a practical illustration in nature of that first principle in chemistry—*evaporation produces cold*. It is well known to the geological student that in certain mines which have a horizontal gallery terminating in a vertical shaft communicating with the atmosphere, a current of air in *summer* descends the vertical shaft, and emerges from the horizontal; while in winter the current *sets in* at the horizontal, and issues from the vertical shaft. Now, in almost every instance quoted, the arrangement of these caves has been precisely similar: they are placed at the bottom of a hill perforated by various rents and chasms. Thus the cave is the horizontal, and the vertical shaft lies in the mass of the hill. Suppose, then, the mean temperature of the hill to be about 48 or 50 degrees. The descending summer current passing through the channels in the hill evaporates the water it meets with in its progress, and so rapidly, as

to become colder and colder in its descent; until, reaching the cave, it is even below 32 degrees, and there freezes the water collected in it. The hotter the air outside, the greater the destruction of equilibrium between the interior and exterior columns, which communicate at their base in the cave; consequently, the more rapid and intense the evaporation, and the more severe the measure of cold produced. Every postulate is satisfactorily answered upon this hypothesis; and while no doubt occasionally the ice found in some caves may be part of a glacier, or the remains of last winter's product, yet the phenomenon which we would include under the term Nature's Ice-Caves is explicable solely upon this simple and beautiful law. 'This view,' says Sir R. Murchison in a postscript to his previous account, 'is supported by reference to the climate of the plains of Orenburg, in which there is great wetness of the spring caused by melting of the snow, succeeded by an intense and dry Asiatic heat.'

THE EMPEROR AND THE ARTIST.

FROM THE FRENCH.

Two men made to understand each other; two men who were kindred by their genius, their popularity, and their misfortunes; two men actuated by the same principles, kindling with the same desire for immortality; in a word, two men who, having attained the glory they sought after, fell at the same moment, by the same stroke, and closed their days alike in a land of exile.

It is well known that the painter David had in his earlier years cherished the most exaggerated political opinions. His ardent imagination feasted on the recollection of Brutus and Scævola, until he longed for the austere independence of a Roman republic. Happily for the fame of David, on his deliverance from the prison of the Luxembourg at the first revolution, he gave up the boisterous activity of political life, and devoted himself so successfully to his art, that he became the restorer, as well as the head, of the French school of painting.

David's reputation as a historical painter was already established when Bonaparte returned from Italy covered with glory. Shortly after his arrival in Paris, he was elected a member of the National Institute, and expressed his desire to become acquainted with his talented colleague. They met at dinner at the house of Lagarde, secretary to the Directory, and were soon engaged in an animated conversation.

'I wish to paint you, Citizen General, sword in hand, on a field of battle.'

'No,' replied Bonaparte; 'battles are no longer gained sword in hand. I would rather be represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse.'

This idea was not lost, although the portrait was not at that time undertaken.

When Bonaparte had become First Consul of the Republic, he invited David to breakfast with him. The national authorities had just been reorganized in accordance with the new constitution. 'I have preferred leaving you to your pencil, instead of giving you a place,' said Napoleon to the artist: 'places pass away, but talent abides.'

'Citizen Consul, time and events have taught me that my place is in my studio,' replied David modestly. 'I have always had a great love for my art, and wish to devote myself entirely to it.'

On Bonaparte's return from Marengo, he sent for David into his cabinet. Lucien Bonaparte, at that time minister of the interior, was present. 'Well, David, what are you at work about now?' inquired Napoleon.

'At my painting of Leonidas at Thermopylæ, Citizen Consul.'

'Ah, ah! I know,' rejoined Napoleon. 'But why do you trouble yourself with painting the conquered? Leonidas's name alone has reached us; all the rest are forgotten now!'

'All! do you say, Citizen Consul? All, except the noble resistance and sublime devotion of the vanquished. All, except the manners and customs of the Lacedæmonians, with which it is well that republican soldiers should be acquainted.'

'Perhaps so, Citizen David,' said Napoleon, shaking his head doubtfully; and after a moment's pause, he added playfully, 'But, *mon cher*, when are you going to begin my portrait?—the portrait, you know.'

'Whenever you choose to sit to me.'

'To sit to you! What is the use of that?' inquired Napoleon, who had neither leisure nor patience to yield to the painter's wishes. 'Do you suppose that the great men of antiquity whose likenesses have been handed down to us ever sat to a painter?'

'This is quite another matter; I wish to paint you for your own age—for the men who have seen and known you, and who will expect to find you like.'

'Like!' rejoined Napoleon smiling; 'surely it is not the colour of the skin or the exact form of the features which constitutes a likeness? It is the character of the physiognomy—the expression of the soul—the *tout ensemble* of the individual, which ought to be rendered; and that is all.'

'Citizen Consul, you are teaching me the art of painting,' replied David. 'I will take your portrait without your sitting to me.'

On leaving Napoleon's cabinet, Lucien renewed the subject of Leonidas, and observed to David—'The fact is, that my brother only likes national subjects: it is his foible, for he has no objection to be talked of by the public.'

'And he is in the right; for in all those subjects illustrative of our national glory he is largely concerned. But do not fear: my painting shall be talked about.'

The artist worthily accomplished the desired portrait of the First Consul. Napoleon is therein represented sitting calmly on a fiery horse while he ascends Mont St Bernard; the ample cloak in which he is enveloped floats in the wind; and he is in the act of commanding his army to pass the Alps. The names of Hannibal and Charlemagne are graven upon the rocks in the foreground; and in the distance are seen groups of soldiers and trains of artillery. When this painting was shown to Napoleon, after bestowing on the artist all the praise which was his due, he began to speak of the groups of figures in the background.

'But, Citizen David, what is the meaning of those half-dozen good little men (*petits bons hommes*) no bigger than my horse's shoe? Does it not look as if the animal would crush them beneath his foot?'

'Citizen First Consul, there is some truth in your observation; and yet, believe me, those *petits bons hommes*, as you call them, cannot be dispensed with: they contribute to the effect.'

'Very well, I am quite satisfied to have it so,' replied Napoleon smiling; 'and so much the more, as these little men have helped me out of many a scrape during that passage, and I wish to share with them the glory of the campaign.'

Napoleon had no sooner been proclaimed Emperor, than he appointed David his first painter, and commanded him to prepare six large paintings for the Louvre, the subject of one of which was to be the coronation. This last picture is said to be the largest in existence, and three years of the artist's life were devoted to its completion. Most of the figures in this admirable composition are exact likenesses of the most celebrated personages of that epoch; and in order that David might the more faithfully render the grouping of the august assemblage, a seat was provided for him above the high altar of Notre-Dame, from where he could

observe the *ensemble* as well as the details of the ceremonies.

At length, in the spring of 1808, the Emperor being informed that the painting was finished, was desirous to see it; and accompanied by the Empress, as well as by several ladies of the court, and officers of his household, he went one afternoon to the painter's studio, situated in the Rue de la Sorbonne.

Napoleon considered this noble composition a while in perfect silence. He had heard it observed by some critics that the Empress was in fact the heroine of the picture, as David had chosen for his subject that moment when Napoleon places upon Josephine's brow the imperial diadem. This selection had been made by the Emperor's own desire, and accordingly he expressed immediately his entire approbation of it.

'You have perfectly expressed my thought,' said he; 'you have represented me as a French *chevalier*; and I am obliged to you for thus transmitting to future generations this proof of my affection for one who shares with me the cares and anxieties of government.'

After praising the general effect of the composition, Napoleon continued—'Ah, there is Murat, with his magnificent costume: there is that fine head with its Vesuvian aspect. Every one will recognise Cambaceres, although his back only is visible. As for Talleyrand, you have flattered him a little; and he looks as if he were coming out of the canvas to thank you for it. Fouché is frightfully like. Those velvets and satins—all those trifling details—are admirable: there is so much truth, so much beauty in them! It is not a mere picture: the people seem to live and to speak in that painting!'

Just then one of Josephine's ladies-in-waiting whispered to her next neighbour that David had made the Empress look far too youthful. David, overhearing the remark, turned round gently towards the lady, and said to her in a very low voice, 'Nevertheless, madame, I would not counsel you to say so to her.'

The Emperor prolonged his visit until warned by the approaching sunset that it was time to depart. He had for some time stood with his head covered, in silent contemplation before the picture, when all of a sudden he drew back a few steps, took off his hat, and addressing the painter with an air of mingled emotion and dignity, said to him, 'David, I salute you!'

'Sire,' replied the painter, who was deeply moved by this homage, 'I receive your majesty's salutation in the name of all French artists; and I feel happy and proud that it is to me that these words have been addressed.'

Josephine added still farther to David's gratification, by addressing to him some of those charming words which she knew so well how to express, and which she always uttered with so much *à propos*. The artist then accompanied their majesties to their carriage, which was in waiting for them in the Place de la Sorbonne. There was assembled a vast crowd, drawn together by the hope of seeing the Emperor and Empress. Before taking leave, Napoleon said to David with a look of kindness: 'Thank you, my dear David—thank you; I hope you will soon come and return my visit. Adieu.'

And while David signified his assent by a respectful bow, the air was rent by a long cry of *Vive l'Empereur!* which echoed throughout the Place long after the imperial carriage had vanished out of sight. Some days after this visit, David presented himself at the *petit-levee* of the Emperor. As usual, Napoleon inquired of him what work was then employing his pencil. 'Leonidas, sire—still Leonidas; I have been working at it for more than ten years.'

'A poor subject, my friend—a poor subject: I told you so ten years ago.' Then, after a moment's reflection, Napoleon added: 'I really cannot understand why you have such a passion for conquered people. Glory, greatness, justice, are ever on the side of strength and victory. These three hundred Spartans were fools to struggle against the king of Persia with his three hun-

* This painting was presented by David to the Invalids, and placed in their grand library, from whence it was carried off by the Prussians in 1815, as a sort of exchange for Frederick the Great's sword, which Napoleon had taken possession of nine years before. It is now in the museum at Berlin.

dred thousand soldiers. In fact they were rebels; and if they had lived in my day, I would have had every one of them shot as a set of good-for-nothing rascals. However, I must do them justice. They were brave fellows, so that I cannot be very angry with them; but in certain cases useless resistance is worse than a folly—it is a crime. The world is composed only of the strong and the weak: the first are formed to command, the second to obey. Every nation which does not know how to defend itself against a conqueror, or cannot do so, and which has not even the courage to struggle boldly against him, deserves to be crushed first, and then ruled. Take my advice, David; leave alone your Leonidas, who was an obstinate fool, and fill your canvas with some of our glorious national feats: there are so many of them, that your only difficulty lies in the choice of a subject. There is the *revolt of Cairo*, the *plague sufferers at Jaffa*, and many other equally admirable matters. You need not go back to a stale antiquity for your subjects.*

David was not surprised by this vehement sally of Napoleon's. He only understood from it that, if he wished to retain the Emperor's good graces, he must, for the time being at least, give up his Leonidas, and occupy himself with his contemporary epoch. He found it much easier, however, to conform himself to the Emperor's tastes, than to attend to the whims of some of the imperial family, whose portraits he was commanded about this time to paint. The Princess Borghese, more especially, so completely worried him by her caprices and her great inexactitude, that after having borne with her impertinences for two years, he positively refused to finish her portrait; and even threw the sketch, which was already far advanced, into the fire. Pauline complained bitterly of it to her brother, who, knowing his sister's character, took David's part, replying coldly—'Madame, if pretty women have their caprices, great artists have them also. I can do nothing whatever in the matter.'

A little while after this conversation took place, an occurrence happened which seemed likely for a moment to disturb the friendship of these two remarkable men, and which displays in a very strong light the weak as well as the strong points in Napoleon's character.

The Marquis of Douglas had requested of David to paint for him a portrait of the Emperor. The artist had represented Napoleon standing up in his cabinet, just at the moment he had quitted his desk after a whole night spent in business. The prolonged watchfulness of the Emperor is indicated by the wasted tapers, which are burned to their sockets. The figure is as large as life; and of all the portraits of the Emperor, this is considered the best likeness. Before sending it to the purchaser, it was conveyed to the Tuileries by order of the artist, and exhibited to Napoleon, who was enthusiastic in his admiration of it.

'You have guessed me aright, my dear David,' said he, after having expressed his approbation in very flattering terms. 'I occupy myself by day with the happiness of my subjects, and I labour by night for the glory of France. It only seems to me that you have given too wearied an expression to my eyes. This is a mistake, my good friend. Working by night never tires me; rather, on the contrary, does it refresh me. My complexion is never more clear than when I have sat up all night. But for whom is this portrait intended?' he inquired with an air of curiosity. 'Who has bespoken it? It is not I.'

'Sire, it is destined for the Marquis of Douglas.'

On hearing this name, the Emperor started; and knitting his brows, cried out, 'What, David, is it for an Englishman?'

'Sire, it is for one of your majesty's most ardent admirers.'

'Indeed,' said Napoleon drily; 'I believe no such thing.'

'For the man who knows best how to appreciate French artists.'

'Next to me, sir, I presume,' interrupted Napoleon, still more drily and brusquely than before. 'David,' resumed he in a calmer tone, 'I purchase this portrait from you.'

'Sire, it is already sold.'

'David,' rejoined the Emperor, 'that portrait shall be mine: I give you thirty thousand francs for it.'

'Sire, I cannot yield it to your majesty: it is already paid for.'

The Emperor, growing each moment more excited, said to the artist, 'David, I will not suffer this portrait to be sent into England. Do you understand me? It shall not go! I will return this marquis of yours his money.'

'Sire,' stammered out David, 'your majesty would not wish to dishonour me?'

On hearing these words, the Emperor grew pallid with rage, and his lips quivered with emotion. 'No, certainly; I would not so, even if it were in my power; but I am equally resolved that those who glory in being the enemies of France, shall never boast of having me in their power—not even in effigy! They shall not have this picture, I tell you!' And at the same moment Napoleon raised his foot, and kicked the painting so furiously, that he broke through the canvas, repeating at the same time in an exasperated tone, 'Never shall they have it!'

So saying, he instantly left the apartment, leaving every one behind him stupified and terrified by the violence of his conduct.*

Two days after this scene, David was commanded to attend the Emperor's breakfast-table. As soon as Napoleon saw him appear, he arose from his seat, and hastening forward to meet him, took hold of his hand, and silently pressed it within his own. David, who understood his sovereign's thought, only replied by raising the angust hand to his lips.

'My dear David, assure me that you are not offended with me,' said he in an under voice, which almost trembled with emotion.

'Ah, sire!' were the only words the artist had power to pronounce. In a few minutes they were both calm enough to converse as usual, and Napoleon named to him some plans he had conceived; among others, he proposed forming a gallery of all David's works.

'Italy,' said he, 'possesses galleries of Raphael and Michael Angelo; France shall owe to me the gallery of David.'

After expressing his thanks for this compliment, David replied to the Emperor—'Sire, I fear it would be impossible to form this collection. My works are too much dispersed, and belong to amateurs who are too wealthy to give them up. For instance, I know that Monsieur Trudaine, who possesses my "Death of Socrates," sets a very high value upon it.'

'We will obtain it by covering it with gold. How much did he pay you for it?'

'Twenty thousand francs, sire.'

'Offer him forty thousand for it; and, if necessary, give two hundred thousand francs. Here is an order for the amount.'

This picture had originally been bespoken at 12,000 francs; but M. Trudaine had paid 20,000, to mark his admiration of the work. The proprietor refused the offer of 40,000 francs: a second offer of 60,000 was equally unsuccessful.

'Your refusal is very flattering to me,' observed David; 'but I hope to prevail on you to part with it, for I have the Emperor's order to go as far as two hundred thousand francs.'

'I refuse them,' said M. Trudaine coldly; 'and beg you may acquaint the Emperor respectfully that I esteem your work far too highly to give it up on any

* This painting, mended and restored by David himself, is now in the possession of the Marquis of Douglas, who received it rather later than he might have desired. Before sending it to him, the painter made four copies of it, one of which is to be found in Paris at the house of M. Huybens.

terms—not even if two millions were offered to me. Besides, if I were to make a sacrifice of this picture to his majesty, it should be a gratuitous one; but I cannot part with it.

David acquainted Napoleon with the ill success of his mission. The Emperor, with that irresistible tone and manner peculiar to himself, said—'Pray tell him that he will confer a favour on me by yielding to me your "Socrates" for three hundred thousand francs.'

'Sire,' replied David timidly, 'I am certain that he will refuse me.'

'He will refuse, do you say?' inquired Napoleon angrily. 'Then tell him,' he exclaimed in a loud imperious tone, and starting from his seat—'tell him I will have it!'

And these words were accompanied by a proud determined gesture which it is impossible to describe.

'Then,' repeated David in his turn, like a man of spirit, and with the dignity of a great artist, 'he also will say that he will not let you have it; for this picture is his property, and he has a right to dispose of it.'

The painter, bowing, was about to withdraw, when Napoleon, laying his hand upon his arm, and passing his other hand hastily across his brow, as if to efface some disagreeable impression, said to him gently—'It is true, my friend, I was in the wrong; and I thank you for having reminded me that I, above all others, ought to respect property. But I was too anxious to have all your *chefs-d'œuvre* in my museum. Adieu, David, and let us both forget what has now passed.'

The following day, David received the brevet of commander of the Legion of Honour, with the title of Baron of the Empire, and took the arms appointed to him by Napoleon: a pale of sable on a shield of gold, with the arm of Horace holding the three swords destined for his sons.

Amidst all this glory—laden with honours by Napoleon, his protector and his friend; the object of unbounded admiration to his countrymen—David fell beneath the same stroke which laid his imperial master low. He bade an unwilling adieu to his country, and went to end his days upon a foreign soil. A refugee at Brussels, he could discern from his place of exile the new limits imposed upon his country, and by a happy illusion of imagination, still suppose himself the inhabitant of that *belle France* to whose national glory he had contributed. Napoleon was far less fortunate than his exiled protégé in the closing years of his life.

THE WATCH CHANTS OF THE SWISS.

For some little time a book has lain upon our table, which we have hitherto been prevented from noticing by a prejudice conceived against it, occasioned by the injudicious encomiums of a great part of the press. It is, notwithstanding, a very good book in its way, and contains just such an account of a hasty ramble in Switzerland as might be written by a man blessed with good temper and a reasonably observant eye, but with no pretensions to original thinking or literary power.* The most piquant thing in the volume is the fact, carried along with him by the reader, that the author has reached the age of sixty, an age at which few persons brought up in the mental activity and bodily indolence of a city climb mountains for recreation. That Dr Forbes is able to do this, is owing, we have no doubt, to temperance, to equality of mind, and to the comparative hardness and energy required in his profession.

The narrative of a month's tour in Switzerland, written under the circumstances we have mentioned, can hardly be supposed at this time of day to afford much extractable matter. We may mention, however, in passing, that there is a remark which everybody feels

to be just, although nobody thought of making it before, on the strange picture presented by the Alps, of summer in the lap of winter. 'In the present case, for instance, all things immediately beside us—trees, grass, shrubs, flowers, fruit—were quick with summer life, and rich in summer beauty, and obviously no more influenced by the snowy mountains by which they were overlooked, than if they had been basking in the sunshine of a land that never knew winter. In describing a scene like this, a poet might seek for its analogy in the moral world, and liken it to a beautiful affection based on natural goodness, which no coldness can chill, no harshness wither.' There is also a noticeable sketch of the appearance of the Wetterhorn in its veil of white mist, 'having its lower border defined as accurately along its brow as if drawn by a line. Sometimes this lower border or hem would gradually and slowly ascend, so as to leave the inferior and middle region perfectly clear; at other times the process was reversed, the dark face of the mountain gradually disappearing beneath the descending veil. To whoever looked on this magnificent spectacle, it was a ready and facile imagination to conceive some Great Being enthroned on the mountain top, and raising and lowering the veil at will; and recollecting that it had immediately followed the sublimest and most awful of nature's active operations, the thunder-storm—and on the very field of its manifestation—it was no less easy to understand how phenomena of a like kind, presented to the men of ruder and simpler times, may have transformed the primary conception into speedy belief—belief that, on the shrouded peak, and amid the darkness of the storm, the Great Author of nature was himself in bodily presence.' There is likewise at page 224 a picture of a glacier, resembling a 'silent cataract,' which must strike one who has travelled in Switzerland by the felicity of the comparison. But the best pictorial scene is the account of a natural exhibition which seems to have been got up on purpose for the delectation of our author. 'We were all suddenly roused and startled by a tremendous noise behind us, like a continuous peal of distant thunder, which made us instantly stop; and while we were in the act of turning round, our guides, shouting "An avalanche!" pointed to the mountain behind us. We looked, and from beneath the lower border of the mist which covered it, and out of which the hoarse loud roar which still continued evidently came, we saw a vast and tumultuous mass of snow rushing down and shooting over the edge of the sheer cliff into the air beyond. At first this had a pointed triangular or conical shape, with the small end foremost; but as the fall continued, it assumed the appearance of a cascade of equal width throughout. In this form it continued until its upper extremity had parted from the cliff, and the whole mass had fallen to the earth, renewing, as its parts successively reached the ground, and with still louder and sharper reports, the sound which had momentarily ceased while it was falling through the air. The whole of the process, which has taken so long to describe, was the work of a few seconds—half a minute at most; and all was over and gone, and everything silent and motionless as before, ere we could recover from our almost breathless wonder and delight.'

The most interesting thing in the book, however, is the account of the watch chants of the Swiss; and this is really a contribution to our knowledge of the manners of the people. Dr Forbes first heard those simple songs of the night at Chur. 'We had very indifferent rest in our inn, owing to the over-zeal of the Chur watchmen, whose practice it is to perambulate the town through the whole night, twelve in number, and who, on the present occasion, certainly displayed a most energetic state of vigilance. They not only called, but sung out every hour, in the most sonorous strains, and even chanted a long string of verses on the striking of some: and as the Weisser Kreutz happens to be in a central locality, with a street both in back and front, we had rather more than an average share of this patriotic and

* A Physician's Holiday, or a Month in Switzerland in the Summer of 1848. By John Forbes, M.D., F.R.S. London: Murray. 1849.

religious demonstration. I suppose the good people of Chur think nothing of these chantings, or, from habit, hear them not; but a tired traveller would rather run the risk of being robbed in tranquillity, than be thus sung from his propriety during all the watches of the night.

Through the kindness of a friend, I have obtained an accurate version of these elaborate night-calls, and I give in a note the words, as an interesting illustration of manners. Although the words are in modern dress, and the verses are very similar to what are chanted in different parts of Germany, there is little doubt that they are, like the custom itself, really very ancient. It could only be in the undoubting and unquestioning simplicity of the faith of the old time that a ceremony and formula so entirely religious could have been ex-cogitated. It speaks well for the faith and temper of the present day, however, that this nocturnal and matutinal clamour, even though religious, should still be tolerated by the children of Chur:—

WATCH CHANT AT CHUR.

I.—NIGHT.

Hört ihr Christen, lasst euch sagen
Uns're Glocke hat Acht geschlagen.
" " Neun "
" " Zehn "
" " Elf "
" " Zwölf "
" " Eins "
Acht, nur ach zur Noah's zeit
Waren von der Straf' befreit.—*Acht!—&c.*

TRANSLATION.

I.

Hear, ye Christians, let me tell you
Our clock has eight stricken,
" " nine, &c.
Eight, only eight in Noah's time
Were saved from punishment.—*Eight!*
Nine deserves no thanking—*Nine!*
Man, think of thy duty!—*Nine!*
Ten Commandments God enjoined:
Let us be to Him obedient.—*Ten!*
Only Eleven disciples were faithful;
Grant, Lord, that there be no falling off!—*Eleven!*
Twelve is the hour that limits time—
Man, think upon eternity!—*Twelve!*
One, oh man, only one thing is needed:
Man, think upon thy death!—*One!*

II.

Get up in the name of Jesus Christ,
The bright day is near at hand;
The clear day that ne'er delayed;
God grant us all a good day!
A good day and happy hours
I wish you from the bottom of my heart.
Five, oh! reckon Five, oh!

At Altorf he is again disturbed in the same agreeable way. 'In our hotel at Altorf we were again saluted, during the vigils of the night, but in a very mitigated degree, with some of the same patriotic and pious strains which had so disturbed us at Chur. As chanted here, however, they were far from unwelcome. The only other place, I think, where we heard these *Wächter-rufe* was Neuchâtel. These calls are very interesting relics of the old times, and must be considered indicative as well of the simple habits as of the pious feelings of the people of old. I am indebted to the same kind friend who furnished me with the Chur chant for the following additional notices respecting these watch-calls in Switzerland:—

'In the town of Glarus the following are the evening and morning chants:—

L.

I come upon the evening watch:
God give you all a good night;
Quench fire and light,
That God may you guard;
List to what I tell you—
The clock has struck ten.

II.

Get up in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ,
For the day has appeared:
The sun comes over the mountains down—
So I wish you all a good day.
List to what I tell you, &c.

'The following, in the Swiss patois dialect, is chanted in some places in the canton of Zurich, but not in the town of Zurich itself, where the watchman's call is no longer heard:—

Jez stohni uft der Obedwacht,
Behüt is Herr in dieser Nacht:
Gib dem Lib und der Seele Rhu,
Und fuhri is alli gen Himmel zu.
Now stand I on the evening watch:
Protect us, God, in this night:
Give to body and soul rest,
And lead us all to heaven.

'The Chur chant, as well as that of Glarus, which are both in the common German, have probably been modernised by some modish reformers of the night-watch, but they are all very ancient. The one just given in the vernacular Swiss is probably the identical call chanted centuries back.

'Of the great antiquity of these chants we have some strong evidence. In the small town of Stein, on the Rhine, in the canton of Aargau, there is a chant now in nightly use which dates as far back as the fourteenth century. Its precise origin, as well as its original words, have been handed down from father to son, and both are of unquestioned authenticity. This is the story:—Some time in the fourteenth century, at a period when there were very frequent contests between the towns and the feudal lords of the country, a plot was concocted to deliver Stein into the hands of the nobles of the vicinity, in which plot some traitorous citizens were engaged. The night of attack came, and all was arranged for the admission of the enemy by the traitors at two o'clock in the morning; the watchword agreed on between the parties being "Noch ä Wyl"—("Noch eine Weile—Yet a while"). An industrious shoemaker, however, who lived close to the gate, and whom some urgent work kept up so late, overheard the whispered signal and the sound of arms also outside, and rushing to the watchhouse, gave the alarm, and so defeated the meditated assault, and saved the town. Ever since, the night-watch at Stein, when he calls the hour of two, must chant out the old words which saved the little burgh from destruction five hundred years since—"Noch ä Wyl! Noch ä Wyl!"

'The same antiquity, and also the inveteracy of old customs to persist, is strikingly shown by the fact, that in some parts of the canton of Tessino, where the common language of the people is Italian, the night-watch call is still in Old German.'

Upon the whole, the volume will be found an agreeable companion to the professed guide-books.

TOLERATION.

Nor the least useful quality in Mr Macaulay's 'History of England,' is the impression it will convey, that *toleration* in matters of religion was a thing quite unknown in past times; that, in point of fact, the party or sect who attained the upper hand was intolerant of those over whom it had achieved a victory. We say it is useful to know that such was the case; because the descendants of parties persecuted are apt to forget that their ancestors were persecutors in turn. Thus in Scotland we hear much of the persecutions of the Puritans in the seventeenth century: no doubt these persecutions were most atrocious; but spiritual pride in reference to these dark proceedings will be lessened by the reflection that the Puritans themselves, English and Scotch, acknowledged, when in power, no principle of toleration. Mr Macaulay sets us right on this important subject in the following luminous passage:—

'The Puritans ought to have learned, if from nothing else, yet from their own discontents, from their own struggles, from their own victory, from the fall of that proud hierarchy by which they had been so heavily oppressed, that in England, and in the seventeenth century, it was not in

the power of the civil magistrate to drill the minds of men into conformity with his own system of theology. They proved, however, as intolerant and as meddling as ever Land had been. They interdicted, under heavy penalties, the use of the Book of Common Prayer, not only in churches, but even in private houses. It was a crime in a child to read by the bedside of a sick parent one of those beautiful collects which had soothed the griefs of forty generations of Christians. Severe punishments were denounced against such as should presume to blame the Calvinistic mode of worship. Clergymen of respectable character were not only ejected from their benefices by thousands, but were frequently exposed to the outrages of a fanatical rabble. Churches and sepulchres, fine works of art, and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or of the Virgin Mother should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent. Against the lighter vices the ruling faction waged war with a zeal little tempered by humanity or by common sense. Sharp laws were passed against betting. It was enacted that adultery should be punished with death. The illicit intercourse of the sexes, even where neither violence nor seduction was imputed, where no public scandal was given, where no conjugal right was violated, was made a misdemeanour. Public amusements, from the masques which were exhibited at the mansions of the great, down to the wrestling-matches and grinning-matches on village greens, were vigorously attacked. One ordinance directed that all the maypoles in England should forthwith be hewn down. Another proscribed all theatrical diversions. The playhouses were to be dismantled, the spectators fined, the actors whipped at the cart's tail. Rope-dancing, puppet-shows, bowls, horse-racing, were regarded with no friendly eye. But bear-bating, then a favourite diversion of high and low, was the abomination which most strongly stirred the wrath of the austere sectaries. It is to be remarked that their antipathy to this sport had nothing in common with the feeling which has, in our own time, induced the legislature to interfere for the purpose of protecting beasts against the wanton cruelty of men. The Puritan hated bear-bating, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. Indeed he generally contrived to enjoy the double pleasure of tormenting both spectators and bear. Perhaps no single circumstance more strongly illustrates the temper of the precisians than their conduct respecting Christmas-Day. Christmas had been, from time immemorial, the season of joy and domestic affection, the season when families assembled, when children came home from school, when quarrels were made up, when carols were heard in every street, when every house was decorated with evergreens, and every table was loaded with good cheer. At that season all hearts not utterly destitute of kindness were enlarged and softened. At that season the poor were admitted to partake largely of the overflowings of the wealth of the rich, whose bounty was peculiarly acceptable, on account of the shortness of the days and of the severity of the weather. At that season the interval between landlord and tenant, master and servant, was less marked than through the rest of the year. Where there is much enjoyment, there will be some excess; yet, on the whole, the spirit in which the holiday was kept was not unworthy of a Christian festival. The Long Parliament gave orders, in 1644, that the 25th of December should be strictly observed as a fast; and that all men should pass it in humbly bemoaning the great national sin which they and their fathers had so often committed on that day by romping under the mistletoe, eating boar's head, and drinking ale flavoured with roasted apples. No public act of that time seems to have irritated the common people more. On the next anniversary of the festival formidable riots broke out in many places. The constables were resisted, the magistrates insulted, the houses of noted zealots attacked, and the proscribed service of the day openly read in the churches.

All severities produce a reaction: the English threw off Puritanism in disgust; the Scotch acquired an equal antipathy to Episcopacy. Philosophically speaking, both were wrong: it was neither the principles of Puritanism nor of Episcopacy that were to blame: it was the ignorance of the age; and it is only against this species of ignorance that war should now be waged.

THE MOUNTAIN WIND.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

[This is taken from a volume published in America, entitled 'Christian Songs,' by the author of 'Triumphs of our Language,' which appeared in the Journal, No. 294.]

BLAST of the mountain! the strongest, the fleetest,
Sounding at eve in the pines of Braemar—
Breeze of the desert! the purest, the sweetest,
Warbling alone on the moorlands afar—
Hasten, unseen! from the fields of thy freedom,
Play round my bosom, and steal o'er my brow—
Harp-strings of Morven, and perfumes of Edom,
Bring not my spirit such gladness as thou.

Come from the brake where the wild bird is singing,
Come from the fresh bank that gladdens the bee,
Come from the cliff where the blue-bell is springing,
Hidden from all but the sunbeam and thee;
Rise in thy strength from the vale of thy slumbers;
Waken!—my spirit has pined for thee long—
Oh for the music that swells in thy numbers!
Oh for the wildness that breathes in thy song!

Welcome, sweet playmate and friend of my childhood!
Thou art the same that I loved in my youth—
Others were false as those leaves in the wild wood,
Thou still retainest thy freshness and truth;
Thou still rejoicest, in melody roaming
Through the long fern, where the dew spangles gleam;
Thou, when the swift brooks are turbidly foaming,
Dashest the spray from the vexed mountain-stream.

Bard of the hill! when thy harping is loudest,
Bid me not think with the tyrant or slave;
Teach me to strive with the worst and the proudest,
Fearless, as thou with steep Garval's dark wave;
Teach me to rise with a lofty devotion,
Pure, as thou rovest the blossoming sod,
Sweeping the chords with a sacred emotion,
Singing of Truth, and Redemption, and God.

HOW TO BEAR ILL-NATURED CRITICISM.

The main comfort under injurious comments of any kind is to look at them fairly, accept them as an evil, and calculate the extent of the mischief. These injurious comments seldom blacken all creation for you. A humorous friend of mine who suffered some time ago under a severe article in the first newspaper in the world, tells me that it was a very painful sensation for the first day, and that he thought all eyes were upon him (he being a retired, quiet, fastidious person); but going into his nursery, and finding his children were the same to him as usual, and then walking out with his dogs, and observing that they frolicked about him as they were wont to do, he began to discover that there was happily a public very near and dear to him, in which even the articles of the 'Times' could make no impression. The next day my poor friend—who, by the way, was firmly convinced that he was right in the matter in controversy—had become quite himself again. Indeed he snapped his fingers at the leading articles, and said he wished people would write more of them against him.—*Friends in Council.*

BELLS RUNG BY FOG.

We believe there are several points on our northern coast and in other parts of the world where what are termed 'fog bells' are now in operation, for the purpose of giving alarm to vessels when approaching the shore. The idea of bells being rung by fog, however, is so singular, as to require an explanation of the mechanism employed. The apparatus which rings the bell is wound up, and detained in a wound-up state by a lever extending from the machinery into the open air. To the end of the lever is affixed a large sponge, which absorbs the moisture from the fog, and by becoming heavy, settles down the lever, lets the machinery free, and thus rings the bell. A cover is placed just above the sponge to prevent the absorption of rain.—*Calendar, U. S.*

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